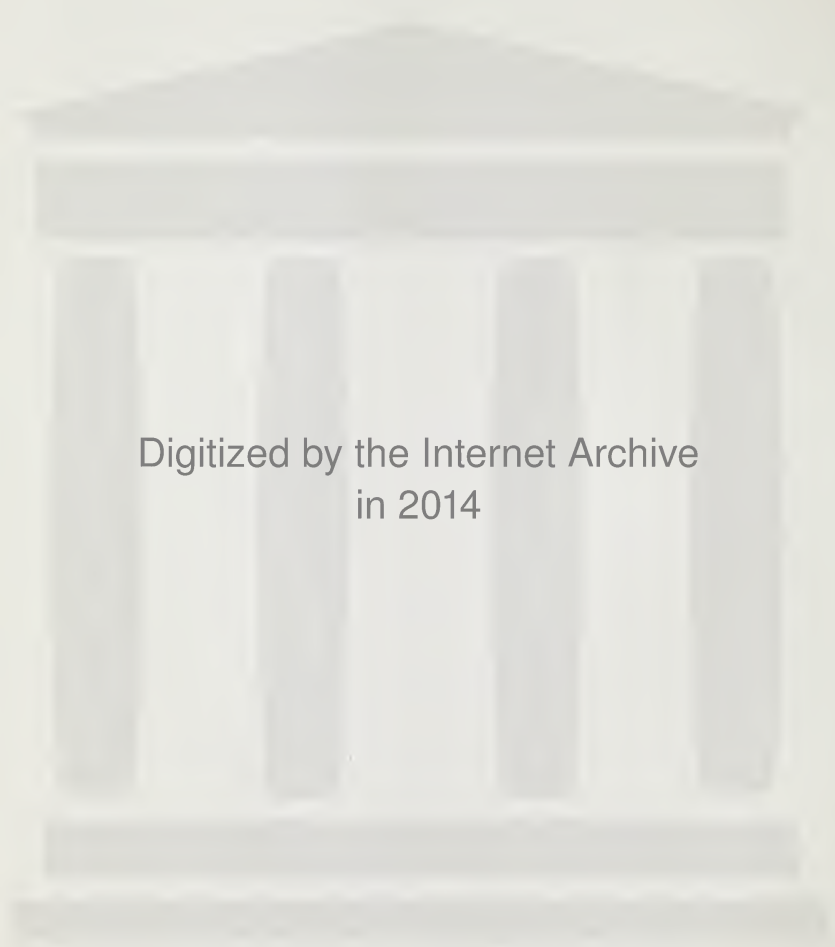


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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE
TOWN OF WAYNE
KENNEBEC COUNTY

Me.
MAINE.

AUGUST 18, 1898.

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TOWN OF WAYNE.

Centennial * Celebration.

KENNEBEC COUNTY, MAINE.

Wayne, Me.

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Centennial celebration of the town
of Wayne, Kennebec County, Maine, August
18, 1898. Augusta, 1899.

HELP CARD

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WAYNE'S

Centennial Celebration.

This occurred at Wayne Village August 18, 1898. The day was, for the most part, propitious. Large numbers of former residents and people from neighboring towns were present. There were gathered at one time in the day at least four thousand people. It was a grand reunion. The meetings of people who had not seen each other for years were sights worth seeing. It was a pleasure to hear them talk of the old days when they were boys and girls together. People visited Wayne who had been absent from it fifty years, and all found old acquaintances.

A mammoth tent was procured, 100 by 60 feet in size. It was erected a little off the street south of the village, on the grounds of J. H. Millett, Esq.

The committee of arrangements, chosen in town meeting, consisted of G. W. Walton, Chairman, B. F. Bradford, Secretary, Sewall Pettingill, C. E. Wing, C. W. Crosby, W. M. Taylor, J. C. Stinchfield, W. Jennings and A. W. Riggs.

A national salute of twenty-one guns was fired at sunrise. Band concert and reception of visitors were held on the Pocasset House lawn at 9 o'clock A. M.

THE PARADE.

This was headed by the Second Regiment Band, Lewiston; C. E. Wing was Chief Marshal. In line were eighty veterans of the Civil War. Carriages followed containing the Orator, H. B. Lawrence, Capt. H. N. Fairbanks, Hiram S. Maxim, the officers of the town, and aged citizens; then followed the school children, each carrying a flag. There were also tableaux of scenes of a century ago, representing costumes and customs of the early settlers, and many re-

mindes of the old times in Wayne, making a most gratifying and inspiring scene.

They paraded the streets, then marched to the grounds where the exercises of the day were held. The tent was packed to the utmost ; the sides were taken off to give the persons outside a chance to see and hear, as well as the air to circulate. The stage was decorated in a most beautiful style with flowers, and the stand in front of the speaker was hidden with a beautiful bank of pond lilies.

G. W. Walton called the meeting to order. His remarks in part were as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of Wayne :

At a genial season of the year, with beauty on the earth and splendor in the heavens, we have left our homes and assembled here to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of the *prettiest town in the State of Maine*. (A voice in the audience said, "The prettiest town in the world.") I accept the amendment. To-day other towns may be grand, lovely and beautiful, but *Wayne*, to us, is *all of these, and without a rival*, therefore I will say that we are here to celebrate the high achievements for the first hundred years of the *prettiest town in the wide, wide world*. Happy the day, happy the place, and joyous, I hope, will be the occasion.

I am proud of my native town, proud of her magnificent scenery, her towering hills, her fertile valleys, her crystal lakes, her rolling streams, her meandering brooks, her lofty pines, her giant oaks, but more than these, am I proud of her *grand history*, her *noble men* and *charming women*. More wheat may be raised in the prairied West, better oranges in our new possessions, but nowhere on the broad earth can be found pleasanter homes or happier people than in the town whose birthday we are here to celebrate. Ladies and gentlemen, sons and daughters of Wayne, once more I greet you, I am glad to see you. I now have the pleasure to introduce to you C. W. Crosby, the gentleman selected by the committee to preside here to-day.

REMARKS OF MR. CROSBY.

Mr. Chairman, Citizens and Visitors of Wayne :

In assuming the duties of presiding officer here to-day I wish, first, to thank the Centennial Committee, and through them my native

town, for the honor conferred upon me in placing me in this position. This is indeed a proud and happy day for Wayne. With bright skies smiling above us, with all nature in her beauty and glory around us, we have met here on this beautiful spot to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of our town organization. Were I able it were not my place to make extended remarks here.

I welcome you here, children, returned to the old fireside. From across the prairies and over the seas you have come to this gathering, from near and from far, and you are welcome home. The town's formal welcome to you will be extended by another and abler one than I, and I can only repeat, welcome home.

We feel to-day that we are in the world, and a thrill of pride and loyalty causes our hearts to beat to a quicker time than they are wont. We have a right to this feeling of pride, for the roll of the century past is one any town may be proud of. In the early days a magistrate of a neighboring town banished a poor wretch off the face of the earth, and when the poor man asked where he should go, the magistrate answered, "Go to Wayne." Well, that was long ago. To-day we welcome to this event the distinguished sons of that old town as heartily and cordially as any who are here to-day, and they and we feel that we are *on* the earth, and on it to some purpose.

It is well for us at this passing of the century, that we pause for a day to do honor to the memory of those hardy pioneers who laid these foundations of which we to-day enjoy the benefits. How prone we are to forget. How often do we think, as we pass the silent resting places of the founders of our towns, that there are sleeping those who laid the corner stone of the mightiest nation of modern times, if not of the world. But they are *not* forgotten, our presence here to-day testifies to that fact, their memory and their deeds are honored to-day as never before.

But I must not take more of your time. Again, I wish to return my thanks for the honor done me—an honor unique in its nature, and greater than any the town can confer again for generations. You can make and unmake your Selectmen, and other offices—this office you have created, but it dies with the day, and cannot be called into existence for an hundred years.

A selection was played by the band, after which Rev. L. W. Raymond, of Fairport, N. Y., a native of Wayne, offered prayer.

Then followed the selection "Rock of Ages" by the Æolian Quartet of Lewiston.

C. F. Leadbetter, a native of Wayne, a graduate of Colby, was introduced and gave the Address of Welcome.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY C. F. LEADBETTER.

Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens, sons and daughters of Wayne, who have gone out from the old home, but come back to-day bringing your sheaves, to lay your offering on the altar of your native town, you do honor alike both to yourselves and to us by your presence here on this occasion.

Your faces recall the truth of the poet's lines :

"Where love unites, wide space divides in vain,
And hands may clasp across the spreading main."

Through no merit or fitness of my own that I have been able to discover, but by the indulgence and partiality of my townsmen the duty and the happy privilege have been conferred upon me of bidding you welcome in their behalf to-day to these exercises which mark an important mile-post in our municipal history.

When I received from our committee the invitation to perform this service, I had many misgivings as to my ability to do it justice. It seemed to me that some one of maturer age and riper experience and richer memories would be much more in keeping with the occasion, and far more acceptable to those for whom this address was especially intended.

As my mind turns back to-day over the space of the century that has just closed, I feel myself only as a child paddling among the shells and ripples of the beach, while the great billows of the years roll unheeded and unknown beyond the view.

They tell us, however, that nothing is great or small but by comparison. A camel is large compared with the eye of a needle, but compared with the massive bulk of Mount Washington, or even with the size of yonder hill, he is but as a grain of mustard seed. A century is a tremendous extent of time when we measure it by the standard of one day's trials, disappointments and suffering, and look forward to the days that must succeed before its close. But the century, like the camel, shrinks to less terrifying proportions beside a larger

standard, and in the calendar of the world's history the century itself becomes but as a day.

So perhaps after all, the matter of a few years more or less in age makes little difference in the qualifications of one who speaks on such a day as this. On Memorial Day it may be desirable to have one who can talk from a knowledge gained amidst the shriek of shells or the sights of a rebel prison. Listening to such a man we seem in closer touch with that great conflict, and his words have the weight of one who, as we say, "has been there" and who speaks from actual memories of the varied scenes. But who has personal experience of the events of a hundred years?

I suppose that in the lives of most men and women there comes sooner or later a day of retrospection—a day when for one reason or another the world with its business and its cares loses for a time its hold and is pushed resolutely aside—a day when the individual pauses to take his bearings—when he stands, as it were, in a niche apart from time—past, present and to come, a spectator of himself and of the causes that have made him what he is. It is only then that he hears the still, small voices which at other times are drowned in the noisy clamor of the bustling work-a-day world. It is a hopeful period in the life of any person, from which one cannot emerge without a deeper sense of his obligations to the past and a fuller realization of his responsibilities for the future.

I apprehend that towns are in this respect much like individuals, and that this is a day of reckoning for Wayne. *She* pauses to-day at the end of the first hundred years of her voyage. *She* computes her distance from the port of clearance and verifies her chart and compass. *She* notes the shallows that are passed, the breakers still before, and enjoys a brief respite for congratulations and God-speeds. Tomorrow *she* weighs anchor and with confidence born of past success turns her prow to the untried seas in which lie the second century of her course.

Wayne cannot to-day point the finger of pride to so long or perhaps so rich a history as some of her sister towns, many of which in Massachusetts have already celebrated their quarter millennial. *She* has no Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. *She* has neither the rock on which our Pilgrim Fathers first stepped, the churches where they worshipped, or the relics which tell of their mode of life, their rigid self denial, their steady industry, their God-fearing and independent character. These were all old, as we reckon time, while Wayne was

yet New Sandwich. But thanks to our early Puritan ancestors; with all their narrowness of view and intolerance of opinion. they bequeathed to us something better than renowned sites and historic battlefields; They handed down to our fathers in this past century those rugged qualities of heart and head which made true men and women in this town of Wayne. And these, after all are the best monuments that any town can boast.

It is to these little municipalities like ours that every nation looks for her supply of brawn and brain. It has been ever thus. Not in the crowds and dust and din of cities but in the open fields of the God-made country, where the air comes pure from the sun-kissed hills, and tempered by the waters of the lakes and streams, where loyalty and purity and patriotism have something more than "a local habitation and a name"—there it is that are recruited the defenders of a nation's honor, the redeemers of her promise, the leaven of her man-made towns.

You need only to read her history to learn that Wayne has done her duty in this line. In obedience to their country's call her sons sleep on many a battlefield and have fallen with faces to the front in the no less laborious and honorable callings of peace.

"For well she keeps her ancient stock
The stubborn strength of Plymouth Rock
And well maintains with milder laws
And clearer light the good old cause."

The past and the future meet to-day in us. We are the connecting link between our ancestors and our posterity. To the one we pay our homage, remembering what they have done for us. To the other we look forward to hand down to them the treasures which are ours only in trust. It is our duty to inspire the young here present with such a sense of the sacredness of that trust that it shall never be betrayed or neglected.

What a subject for contemplation is the march of American civilization and progress in the years to come in this western world! If only the sons shall be true to their trust what may we not expect? As one has fitly said, "The American spirit, product of German brain and Celtic heart and Norseman's restlessness and English constancy, which brought across the sea the love of liberty and reverence for law shall be theirs, enlarged, strengthened, invigorated, purified by centuries of life and growth in a congenial air."

And so it is altogether proper that we observe this day. It is in

some respects a most solemn occasion, but that is no reason why it should not at the same time be a most gladsome one. Perhaps it is proper also that the joyousness of the time should outweigh its seriousness. Birthdays should be happy days, and this is the birthday of a town. Birthdays of youth are perhaps the most happy of all, and we trust that Wayne is not yet past her youthful stage. We expect that she will go on to a ripe old age and that at all her birthdays she will be ever young in heart and know no lasting sorrow.

I am to bid you especially welcome to the old home on this occasion who have wandered away from it. We are glad to look again into your faces. You come from places widely scattered in the great world. You come, many of you, loaded with honors from the varied fields of business, from law, from medicine, from teaching and preaching. You come from the halls of legislation, from the triumphs of inventive skill, from the plaudits of the multitudes whom you have enthralled by the sweet notes of your song or thrilled by your masterly touch upon the strings of harmony. In your triumphs we have all shared and in your praises we have ourselves felt much reflected honor. We prefer to-day, however, to leave off your titles and to meet you on the common footing of familiarity as in days ago

"When you were Bill and I was Joe."

We might call this the Centennial Thanksgiving. Perhaps it comes nearer to that good New England festival than to anything else—that day when we meet around the parental board and, free from corroding care, imagine ourselves back once more in childhood's days. But it is not the words of formal welcome on Thanksgiving Day that fill our hearts with joy. It is the association with the old familiar scenes, the warm hand clasp, the loving look, the kindly sympathy—to all of which we have been a stranger since last we left them in their sacred haunts—it is these that hallow that blessed day and send us out from the old homestead nobler and braver and truer and better after each return.

Better welcome than I or any one else can convey to you to-day is that which the old town of Wayne gives you herself as you look over the well-remembered scenes of earlier years. The ponds where you fished, the old tree beneath which was your swing, the hills which caught the earliest sunrise and reflected back the twilight rays, the school house, somewhat changed and yet the same, the cemeteries where sleep your people and some of your earliest and dearest friends

—these all speak to you, and in the presence of their welcome I would stand with uncovered head and silent tongue.

Would that some words of cheer might come to us all to-day from those noble men and women of the past to whom we owe so much. But that may not be.

"Each in his narrow cot forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

On the shores overlooking our beautiful lakes and beneath the whispering pines they are at rest.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Let us honor their memories by emulating their virtues, and carrying on as best we may the work which they began.

Although she is a hundred to-day, Wayne has put on her gala-day attire and bids you to her feast. You will do the old lady honor, and make us all glad if you join light-heartedly in her innocent revels and make her last birthday the best birthday she has ever known.

Once again, in the name of the citizens of the town, I bid you each a most hearty welcome to all the good things that this day has for you in store.

Hon. A. P. Lovejoy of Janesville, Wis., who was to respond to the Address of Welcome, sent the following telegram, which was read:

To Hon. G. W. Walton, Chairman of Wayne Centennial Committee:

Dear Sir: I very much regret my inability to attend the Wayne Centennial Celebration. I love my native town, and would be glad to be with you. A thousand times I wish you prosperity in the highest sense.

Wayne's loyal son,

A. P. LOVEJOY.

In place of Mr. Lovejoy, Rev. Erwin Dennett of Brooklyn, N. Y., was introduced. Mr. Dennett said in part:

I was pressed into the service not fifteen minutes ago, and I wish I, too, was in Wisconsin, or anywhere rather than here speaking just this minute. There is one thing certain, if I am to speak at the next

centennial I wish to be notified before. We all knew we would be welcomed to the town. All, we sons and daughters, I suppose I am a son, I surely am not a daughter, are glad to get back to the old place. True, I was not born here, but to me it is the dearest spot on earth. If Wayne's name was to be changed I would accept no other than Paradise. The only thing that mars the happiness of the day for me is the missing of many faces whom I used to know, and who have gone on before us.

He also paid Hiram Maxim a compliment by saying a son of Wayne was heard around the world recently, and that was when Dewey captured the Spanish fleet in Manilla harbor amid the crackling of the Maxim guns.

The following letters from Senator Frye, Congressman Burleigh and Gov. Powers were read :

SQUIRREL ISLAND, MAINE, August 15, 1898.

Mr. G. W. Walton, Wayne, Maine :

Dear Sir : Please accept my thanks for your invitation to be present at the Centennial of the town of Wayne, and my regrets that engagements already made prevent my acceptance. These centennial anniversaries are exceedingly interesting. They bring home to the familiar scenes and haunts of childhood the scattered sons and daughters; revive memories, some sad to be sure, but the most pleasant; recall the names of good fathers and mothers who laid the foundation stone of the town solidly by training the children to fear God and love man. Banish for one day, at least, strife, jealousy, envy, religious and political contentions, and unite all into one supremely happy family, each member of it emulating the other only in doing honor to his town.

Maine has reason to be proud of the record made by her sons all over this Republic, and her country towns have been the nurseries from which they were bidden God-speed. Our town schools and our town meeting have been the most successful educators the world has ever known. That the day may be all the most sanguine can ask, and the occasion in every regard an eminent success, is the wish of

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM P. FRYE.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 11, 1898.

Hon. George W. Walton, Chairman Wayne Centennial Committee:

Dear Sir: I thank you sincerely for your very kind invitation to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of your town. It would certainly give me great pleasure to be present on that occasion, but I regret to say that an engagement made some weeks ago in another part of the State will render it impossible.

It is a wise thing for a community to pause, now and then, from its customary activities, and appropriately mark the milestones of its progress. It gives the present generation a clearer conception of local history, keeps green the memories of those who have gone before, and stimulates anew that spirit of home pride and enterprise which has always been a pre-eminent characteristic of Maine towns.

Occasions of this character, also, never fail to bring back to a community many of its sons and daughters who have found homes in other and perhaps distant places. They constitute large family reunions, at which the past may be lived over again, old friendships renewed, and a stronger and deeper unity of interest cultivated and encouraged.

The people of Wayne deserve great credit for the enterprise they have shown in arranging for a celebration of such deep historic interest and significance. My best wishes will go with you on that occasion, that it may be all and more than it promises—a veritable red letter day in the life of your good town which all, who are so fortunate as to enjoy its exercises, may ever remember with affection and pride. Again thanking you for the courtesy of your invitation, I remain

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

HOULTON, MAINE, August 12, 1898.

G. W. Walton, Esq., Wayne, Maine.

My Dear Sir: I have your invitation to be present at the Centennial of the town of Wayne. I should gladly accept if I did not find myself so busily engaged. Trusting that you will have a fitting celebration and that the good old town of Wayne be far more prosperous in the next century than she has in the past, I am,

Very truly yours,

LLEWELLYN POWERS.

Hiram B. Lawrence of Holyoke, Mass., a native of Wayne, a graduate of Bowdoin College and a teacher by profession, was introduced as orator of the day.

WAYNE'S CENTENNIAL.

Mr. President, Sons and Daughters of Wayne, and Fellow Citizens :

I esteem myself highly honored that, through the invitation of your committee, I am permitted to be present on this festive and memorable occasion. Five score years ago to-day and two and twenty years after that immortal Declaration of Independence, a new town was born, this beautiful town of Wayne. And now glancing across the century already completed, and pausing here amid the glorious memories of the past and upon the threshold of the bright future, our hearts are too full for utterance. As dutiful children we come home to our honored and beloved mother. Well may we be proud and exultant over Wayne's completion of a hundred years of self-government—a century of civil and religious liberty. All studied phrases and flowers of rhetoric lack strength and inspiration in presence of the simple announcement of the grand consummation of the event which we this day commemorate.

This large concourse of men and women, the happy and intelligent expression of these upturned faces, the scenes of our childhood, all speak feelingly, all speak eloquently. The occasion is one which bears an interest of great importance and joyousness. We have assembled to revere the memory of our fathers; to study their lives and examine their characters; and render thanks to Heaven that we are the descendants of a most worthy ancestry.

Thrice happy were our forefathers in founding this town, for it is a land of health, of fertility and of great beauty. Some of us may have traversed this country from ocean to ocean, or roamed perchance beneath the Italian sky, or over the vine clad hills of sunny France. but whenever we have approached this town, whether from Beech Hill, or Gott's Mountain, or from the East, our eyes have beheld a landscape of transcendent beauty unsurpassed at home or abroad. Who can ever forget this beautiful village set like a gem between two crystal lakes studded with emerald isles? Our forefathers, the first white settlers of this region, came largely from Massachusetts. They belonged to the typical people of New England. Frugal and industrious, intelligent and possessed of much religious zeal, they sought

the wilderness that they might better their condition, establish large and prosperous families, and thus become important factors in the development of the country and in the establishment of civil and religious liberty. That they were eminently successful, this day bears many and unmistakable proofs.

Memory in its backward flight of two hundred and seventy-eight years puts us in touch with our Pilgrim Fathers; we see them land on Plymouth Rock; we enter into their sufferings and admire their fortitude and religious zeal; we see them establish a nation greater than that of ancient Greece or Rome. Their descendants and the descendants of others who crossed the ocean later became our own immediate ancestors. What hardships and discouragements they endured! How heroic and patient! We are proud of the record of their industry, courage, and piety, and thank God that we are their posterity.

From your most interesting town history prepared by some of your leading citizens, we learn that Capt. Job Fuller was the first white settler in Wayne; that Jonathan Handy Besse was the first white male child born here; that Jonathan Howe was really the father of Wayne Village since he built here a dam and a mill. There is not time to speak in detail of your various industries, grist mills, saw mills, carding and fulling mills, shovel-handle factory, and that establishment which turned out North Wayne scythes known the world over.

Your merchants have been men of enterprise and worth. Some of the early ones we venture to name from memory: George Smith, Wellington Hunton, B. W. Varnum, the Moultons, and C. C. Whitney. Your leading citizens have always compared favorably with those of other towns. We can mention only a few from the many: the Besses, Burgesses, Berrys, Dexters, Fosses, Frosts, Fairbankeses, Jenningses, Johnsons, Lampsons, Leadbetters, Manters, Maxims, Moultons, Norrises, Pettingills, Reads, Ridleys, Swifts, Stinchfields, Trues, Wings, and the Waltons. All honor to these and to all other men who have given this town character and dignity. But the people of this town have been especially distinguished for their agricultural pursuits. Let unbounded praise be given to the farmers. Although they may have many hardships and discouragements, let them remember that they and their farms are the source of the strength of the nation. All countries, and emphatically our own, illustrate this truth. As country life is far healthier than that of the

city, the place to raise men is on the farm. The history of the human race shows that men and races have lapsed into weakness in the cities. The larger cities have been able to maintain a good degree of vitality only by a constant introduction of country blood. In Paris after three generations no family has survived without alliances from the country. We know that the "old families" in England have raised their children in the country. There both children and adults were grown into a hardy race. It has been truthfully said that in this country the "farms have supplied most of the statesmen, the leaders in thought and the business men of the larger cities." Think of the comfort and independence of rural life! Xenophon, that noble old Grecian, says, "The science of husbandry is extremely profitable to those who understand it." And Cicero properly expresses himself thus: "I come now to the pleasures of husbandry, in which I vastly delight. They are not interrupted by old age, and they seem to me to be pursuits in which a wise man's life should be spent." All honor then to the farmers of Wayne!

Happy homes and christian character are the possessions of these industrious people in these villages and upon these farms. And we must not forget to mention now that there have been born in Wayne many educators, talented clergymen, fine scholars, able lawyers, learned judges, clever politicians, succesful business men and a most distinguished songstress, Mrs. Annie Louise Cary Raymond.

It is noticeable that the settlements of our fathers in New England were settlements of towns. In fact our nation is a nation of towns, each in a certain sense, a sovereignty in itself. Such is the town of Wayne. DeTocqueville, the acute observer of our American institutions, said of New England townships, "It was the nucleus, round which the local interests, rights, and duties so collected and clung, that it gave scope to the activities of a thoroughly democratic and republican life. Its local assemblies of freemen—the town-meetings—were to liberty what primary schools are to science; they brought it within the people's reach; they taught men how to use it and enjoy it, and even while the American colonies still recognize the supremacy of the mother country, the republic was already established in every township."

Our forefathers, when they established this beloved town, recognized the fact that no town can long exist without men and women of character, and that a well-rounded character is the product of three great agencies, the home, the school, and the church. These, indeed,

are the nurseries of a noble town, a strong state, and a mighty nation. The homes of Wayne may have lacked much of comfort and elegance, but they were shrines where were taught those noble virtues: obedience, industry, fidelity, truthfulness, reverence, and the love of God.

Our fathers built and maintained the churches of Wayne at great cost and sacrifice, but they have been a good investment. They have been the leaven which has leavened the mass. Blot out from the towns our churches and schools, and property would have neither protection nor value, personal liberty would be gone, and the nation would soon lapse into barbarism and ruin. Let philosophers quarrel and cynics snarl, but be it ever remembered that Christianity is the most powerful factor of civilization. God bless, then, the noble men and women who have stood by the churches of Wayne! "Camp-meeting" Allen, and elders Randall, Starr, Boothby, and Parker are of sainted memory.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the schools of this town have been regarded as among the best in the commonwealth of Maine. Our forefathers set a high value on piety and learning. They worshipped as we have said, at three altars, the home, the school, and the church. In the "little red school house" were learned lessons of promptness, obedience, fidelity, and accuracy, principles so important in the progress of an individual, of a town, or of a nation. How many pleasant memories cluster about the schools of our childhood—the failures, the successes, the friendships, the companionships, the faithful teachers! God bless their memory! Whatever of success we achieve in life is due in a large degree to our thoughtful and patient teachers. And I must be pardoned if in this public manner, out of the depths of my heart, I offer grateful thanks to three of my highly prized teachers, who are present to-day: Mrs. Mary Lampson, Dexter, Mr. William Granville Besse, and Mr. George Washington Walton. May Heaven's choicest blessings be theirs! But whatever may have been the merit of the schools of Wayne in the past, they must seek a higher standard of excellence in the future, for new problems will have to be solved. We must learn what the Prussians have long since discovered and reduced to a State Maxim: "Whatever you would have appear in the life of a nation you must put into your schools." Look to it then, fellow citizens, that they receive your constant attention, for they are the bulwark of the American people.

In the midst of our joy and exultation to-day, we should remember with pride that Wayne is a part of this great nation, and that this

celebration should be somewhat national in its character, and worthy of the grand inheritance we have received from our Revolutionary fathers. What did our forefathers do that immortalized them for all time? They adopted and successfully carried out the principles of what has been well said to be "the grandest, the bravest, and the profoundest political document ever signed by man," the Declaration of Independence. The thirteen colonies were weak and unorganized. England, powerful with its great navy and trained soldiers, had possession of many of our American cities. Yet our forefathers declared themselves free and independent of Great Britain. After seven long years of devastating war, the Angel of Peace kissed our heroes, and there was born the grandest nation upon which Heaven smiles to-day. Was not that bravery? Was not that immortality?

Our great-grandfathers fought and helped win this victory. And we, the sons and daughters of Wayne, rejoice that the blood of the Revolutionary heroes courses in our veins to-day. Right glad are we on this Centennial day to call to mind some of the names of those old Revolutionary soldiers, who were prominent in the early military and civil history of Wayne,—Wing, Jennings, Besse, Fairbanks, were among the foremost. All honor, then, to the memory of our forefathers who were actors in the great drama which commenced at Lexington and Concord and ended at Yorktown.

To the gallantry of the soldiers and the wisdom of the statesmen, all nations owe their birth and their preservation. Our soldiers and our statesmen were not lacking in ability nor remiss in fidelity, but after more than three quarters of a century of unsurpassed prosperity, this nation was torn asunder and plunged into civil war. Slavery, the child of compromise, had done its foul work. Never was anxiety more intense than when the Nation seemed suddenly split asunder. Valiant and wise men turned pale and were speechless. No man dared read the future. We had a glorious history in the past, but were we to be blotted out from among the nations of the earth? "We shall exist." "This Union shall not be dissolved," were the answers of the soldiers, by the hundreds of thousands, and of the statesmen, the ablest in the land. Parties ceased. There were no Democrats, no Republicans, only patriots. And from the time of the bombardment of Fort Sumter till the surrender at Appomattox, this nation did not waver. All through the war—at those terrible battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, our men, the pride and flower of America, the bravest and most intelligent

soldiers in the world, declared that this nation shall exist and shall be forever free. And they kept their word. There was joy in heaven at the proclamation of freedom by our immortal Lincoln. And under Lincoln, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Grant, the greatest general of any age, there were inscribed upon our flag, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Christianity, four the "grandest words in the language of men." And did not Wayne have a glorious part in the salvation of our country?

One hundred and thirty-three sons of this town, as brave soldiers as any in the land, fought for the Union, under the stars and stripes. They were, fellow citizens, your fathers, your husbands, your brothers, your sons, your lovers. God bless their memory! I had the honor of personally knowing some of these brave soldiers of Wayne,—the Burgesses, Berrys, Clarks, Dexters, Fairbanks, Frosts, Norrises and Wings. Well does your historian say, "Our town is well worthy to wear the name of that gallant general, the hero of Stony Point, who in 'the time that tried men's souls,' by his reckless valor, earned the title of 'Mad Anthony Wayne.'"

The State of Maine sent 73,000 gallant soldiers to the war. We cannot name all the heroes, but it is pleasant to remember Gen. Hiram G. Berry of Rockland, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain of Bowdoin College, and Gen. Oliver O. Howard of Leeds.

Thus we see, fellow citizens, that Wayne's history is inseparably connected with that of New England and the Nation. We love to think of New England, some one has aptly said, "as she was first founded, as she has since been established and built up, as she now is, —mother of men, source of great ideas, nurse of great principles, battle-ground of great conflicts."

We believe that whatever has reflected honor upon the town of Wayne should find expression—whatever has created a noble spirit of fraternity and patriotism throughout this beloved town and Nation should be especially emphasized on this joyous occasion.

Maine, the fair daughter of Massachusetts, has produced men. Wayne is proud of the memory of George Evans, James W. Bradbury, the Washburns, Hannibal Hamlin, Lot M. Morrill, William Pitt Fessenden, Henry W. Longfellow, and James G. Blaine. John A. Andrews, Massachusetts' great "war governor," was born in Windham, Maine. John D. Long, Massachusetts' governor, orator, and congressman, and President McKinley's secretary of the navy, was a son of Maine, being born in Buckfield. Melville W. Fuller, the

present Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is another son of Maine, being born at Augusta. Your Senators and Congressmen stand high in the councils of the Nation. Senator Eugene Hale is chairman of Naval Affairs; Senator William P. Frye is chairman of Commerce; Congressman Charles A. Bowdelle is chairman of Naval Affairs; Congressman Nelson Dingley, Jr., is chairman of Ways and Means; and the Speaker of the House of Representatives is the "Czar," Thomas B. Reed of Portland.

We do not fully realize, ladies and gentlemen, what mighty progress has been made since Wayne became an organized town. 1798, 1898! One hundred years of unprecedented growth and prosperity! When this town was born, the population of this country was 5,000,000, now it is estimated to be 77,000,000. Formerly the public schools were not well sustained in all parts of the country. Now we have 14,000,000 pupils in the public schools at an annual expense of \$225,000,000, and it is well, for the schools are the most democratic representation in America. Once a journey from Boston to Philadelphia by stage required a week, now our palace cars take us clear across the continent in five days. Formerly the time between England and America was six weeks or two months, now our palatial steamers make the distance in six days. Fifty-five years ago there was not a telegraph line in the United States, now the oceans are spanned and the whole earth is girdled. With the telegraph and the telephone we have nearly annihilated time and space. Our forefathers' latest news from London might have been sixty days old, now we, their descendants, can sit down in our homes in Wayne at night and read the day's news of the world.

Our opportunities and privileges are greater than those of our fathers. American genius has harnessed the elements to wonderful machinery, and it does our work. We have more leisure, more books, finer pictures, more abundant means, and our families are better cared for. All this brings greater responsibilities. May we be worthy and equal to every emergency.

It is eminently fitting that mention should be made in this address of the Nation's new departure. We are making mighty strides in history. Citizenship and patriotism mean more than they did in our fathers' times. In spite of Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine, we have been compelled to face new problems. The barbarities and atrocities practiced upon a down-trodden people at our very borders touched the American heart. After long forbearance

Uncle Sam said those things must stop. The thunder of Dewey's cannon at Manila, the prowess of Sampson, of Schley, of Hobson, and of the soldiers at Santiago, have convinced Spain that the United States government means business.

This war is one of justice, liberty, humanity, and fraternity. A war especially for territorial aggrandizement would be a colossal blunder and crime, and the people are against it. This Union is cemented as never before. The flags of the pine and the palmetto are united. The son of Grant and the son of Lee have been fighting under the same starry banner. May nothing happen to tarnish the lustre of the stars and stripes now floating over the army and the navy. The solution of the weightiest problems will require the ripest and profoundest statesmanship. We believe this Nation is being led by the hand of Providence. We rejoice that the prospect is that peace, permanent and honorable will soon crown the successes of our arms. By the proclamation of President McKinley hostilities have already ceased.

Let us remember also that this war has not only united us as a people, but has given us a great friend,—a nation the most powerful on earth and most closely allied to us by history, literature, and kindred,—a nation, which has carried Christianity and civilization wherever she has carried her flag—Old England, God bless her! If she did not stand like a rock to-day, Europe would even now be at our throat.

There should be an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race. The English language is now spoken by more than 125,000,000 people. At this rate, at the end of another century of Wayne's history, the English language will be spoken by more than 800,000,000 people, and it will be the language in which the business of the world will be transacted. All honor, then, to our mother country! She has not always understood us, she has not always loved us, but to-day we are rich in her friendship.

At this centennial celebration we come together as friends and patriots. No section nor class is recognized on this occasion. We can feel that we are all citizens of this town, of this commonwealth, of this whole country,—all belonging to one common party, all Republicans, all Democrats. We have need of political parties only so far as they are valuable in forming men, noble, high-minded men. Let not then corruption nor political chicanery fasten themselves upon us. If Wayne shall continue to be the home of freedom, virtue, and pros-

perity ; if our government shall be preserved, we must maintain the old landmarks.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Let us, sons and daughters of Wayne, rejoice that we behold this Centennial day. Let us be worthy of our noble ancestors and transmit unsullied this fair heritage to our children's children. May the fires on the altars of patriotism be kept burning, so that wherever and whenever we behold that star-spangled banner, the emblem of freedom and progress, we may gaze upon it with feelings of joy and pride, and thank the Ruler of the Universe that we are citizens of this great American Republic.

A selection was given by the Æolian Quartet.

Then followed a poem written by Mrs. Georgie A. Taylor of Wayne, read by her son Josiah W. Taylor.

THE STORY OF POCASSET.

Dear native town of Wayne,
Thy century's roll of fame
Is called to-day.
From near and distant homes,
Thy sons and daughters come,
Drawn by thy love alone,
And homage pay.

Unchanged thro' flight of years,
Thy loveliness appears
As long ago.
Thy rock-bound hills uprise,
Fair lakes reflect the skies,
Streams through the valleys glide
And onward flow.

To-day, for loving eyes,
Put on thy fairest guise,
Dear Mother-town,
And wear with queenly grace
Above thy smiling face
Thy diadem of peace,
The century's crown.

This is thy day of pride
When, folded to thy side
Like children dear,
They who have wandered o'er
The land from shore to shore,
Find home and youth once more
And welcome here.

WAYNE'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

And greater, yet unseen
(This veil of flesh between)

A host are here.

Once in these homes they moved,
Lived, labored, grieved and loved,
Called to their rest above,
They linger near.

Here we commemorate,
With joy we celebrate
Thy hundred years.
Fair has their record been
Of noble deeds and men—
God keep their memory green
With grateful tears!

Love's gifts to-day we bring,
Our heart's own offering
Not gems or gold,
But filial love and pride.
Tender and true and tried,
Loyal whate'er betide
Ever to hold.

God of the rolling years.
Our trust against all fears,
Our sure defence!
Protect Thou still our Town,
Be shield and bulwark round
Our homes and people found
A century hence!

THE PIONEERS.

A hundred years have onward sped their way
Since, from their homes by Massachusetts Bay,
Our fathers came, a sturdy, stalwart band,
To build new firesides in this distant land.

But first, like Israelites of old, they sent
To view the land on which their minds were bent,
Some hardy pioneers whose judgment wise
Should safely guide and future plans devise.

Tradition tells us of that journey long
From Sandwich-by-the-sea fair towns among,
Until the mother state they leave behind
And in New Hampshire's forests seek to find

A path their feet may follow; but no trace
Save beast and bird that fled before their face
Meets their keen eyes, yet skilled in wood-craft lore,
Each sign in earth and sky its witness bore.

And mindful ever on what errand sent,
With their sharp axes blaze the way they went
That they who after sought this forest road
Might walk securely where their feet had trod.

At last, when wearied limbs were fain to rest,
Had they not been by dauntless faith possessed,
To their g'ad eyes appears a lovely shore
That tells their toilsome journey almost o'er.

It is the Kennebec! its sparkling tide
In morning sunlight shone as glorified.
Its rocky banks majestic forests crowned
And Nature's solemn stillness reigns around.

And dear and welcome to their homesick eyes,
Beyond the woods the rugged cliffs arise
That break its waters swift and hem them in
Just at their entrance to the sea—Seguin.

How sweet to hear again the ocean's roar,
Its voice familiar in their ears once more!
And, as an omen of a mission blest,
Take to their hearts its benison of rest.

They know the story of this river grand,
Its dusky sons, the Abanaki's band,
Whose light barks sped along its flashing tide
And wigwam's smoke curled on the banks beside.

For Sandwich skippers early heard the tale
That Plymouth captains brought of this fair vale,
And of these Indians with their wealth scarce told
In costly furs, exchanged for white men's gold.

And how, far up the river valley stood
Log houses in a clearing of the wood,
The trading post of men of Plymouth tell,
The Indian Bom-ba-hook, now Hallowell.

And though their feet would gladly linger here
Where the sea lured them with its voice so dear,
Up the fair river valley take their way
And welcome find and homes wherein to stay.

Gladly they tarry here rejoiced to know
Short is the distance that their feet must go
To reach the chosen spot whereon to found,
If to their liking, a new Sandwich town.

The friendly settlers give them words of cheer
And to their questioning lend a willing ear
And aid with counsel wise and kindly word
To help these pilgrims on their further road.

With kind farewells again they journey on
Over a trail where many feet have gone;
For Pond-town settlers hither came to trade
And thus a highway through the forest made.

Between its lovely lakes above, below,
The little hamlet Pond-town well they know,
For here dwell some who neighbors were and friends
In the old home beside the ocean's sands.

Their greeting warm they heartily return
But short their stay, with glad surprise they learn
How, tarrying with them for a little while,
A settler onward passed with wife and child,

Who sought, like them, the same fair tract of land
Toward which were bent the footsteps of this band,
And that, e'en now his house of rough logs made
Stood by the stream within the forest's shade.

As travelers on the desert's burning waste
See the green oasis and onward haste,
These weary men with hope and courage new,
Rejoice to see their journey's end in view.

The ringing strokes of woodman's axe they hear
And see the clearing in the forest near,
The rude log cabin 'neath the pine trees old,
And now the settler's family behold.

The father, strong in early manhood's prime,
Stalwart in frame, in manner cordial, kind,
His comely wife, gentle in mien and word,
Give hearty welcome to their home and board.

And e'en the babe, a little winsome child,
With prattle sweet their weariness beguiled
And gave a vision bright of future days
When each a home within this vale should raise.

Now soft and deep the evening shadows fall
Over the silent woods; the night-hawk's call
Pierces the air, with sudden rush of wings
And, far and sweet, the thrush its vesper sings.

In the soft breeze the pine trees whisper low,
Their cadence mingling with the streamlet's flow,
The chirp of crickets, and the drowsy rune
Of insect life beneath the harvest moon.

With deep content they seek the night's repose,
Assured that when the morning sun arose,
Their journey's aim, in hope and faith begun,
Would find fulfillment ere the day was done.

In early morning with their host as guide,
They leave the valley, mount the steep hillside
And pause with wonder as they gaze around
To see, with massive rocks, its summit crowned.

Hoary with age, dark-stained by storms of years,
Seamed with deep crevices, their sides appear,
As if some mighty force had rent them wide
And hurled them, headlong, from a mountain side.

Science with open vision views the earth
And reads keen-eyed the story of their birth,—
How, midst the terrors of the great Ice Age,
These rocks were torn by the fierce glacier's rage

And onward, from the frozen North they swept,
A mighty avalanche of ice and drift,
Till, moving southward, met the warmer air
And melting, flung their burden here and there.

Not learned in modern lore, our fathers gaze
And wonder for a little, then they raise
Their eyes, Behold! a vision of delight!
Words fail to tell the beauty of the sight.

Pocasset, region to the Red men dear
E'en to its utmost bounds, afar and near,
They scan with eager and admiring gaze
A fairy landscape seen through Autumn haze.

Under the blue of the September sky,
Five shining lakes in tranquil beauty lie;
Brilliant with gorgeous hues, the forest round
Seen with a coronal of glory crowned.

North, west and south these sparkling waters shone,
One, Androscoggin by the Red men known,
On its broad breast two emerald islands bore,
With meadows green upon its farthest shore,

Where a slow stream on which no ripples play
Glides noiselessly upon its quiet way,
Till the broad river rushing madly on
Engulfs its sluggish tide and then is gone.

Distinct and clear on the horizon's verge,
The dazzling peaks of the White Hills emerge,
While nearer, northward, clothed in azure mist,
Mt. Blue stands radiant with sunlight kissed.

On every side, where'er they turn their gaze,
Its beauty charms, its merit wins their praise.
And like the ancient spies, in solemn mood,
They judgment give,—“Behold, the land is good!”

FAREWELL TO SANDWICH.

There is stir in olden Sandwich
Of many hurrying feet,
And hearts are sore and eyes are wet,
As friends and kinsfolk meet;

For a coaster lies in the harbor
With white sails floating free,
And they who go to the Kennebec
To-day on board must be.

There are earnest men and women,
And youths and maidens fair,
And tender babes and childhood sweet,
This new strange home to share.

The hearts of the old are heavy,
Thinking that nevermore
They e'er will see the pleasant town
Or tread its sea girt shore.

But the young and middle aged,
On whom the burdens fall,
Are strong with resolute purpose
To bear and brave them all.

They have counted well the hardships,
Rough toil and scanty fare,
And dwellings void of comforts
And dangers lurking there.

Whate'er the peril, whate'er the toil,
Their stout hearts little reck.
They will found a town and build them homes
Beyond the Kennebec.

No lack have they of husbandmen
To change the forest wild
To fertile fields where herds shall roam
And golden harvests smile;

And some can wield with ready skill
The chisel, saw and plane;
Some cast from off the glowing forge
The plow share and the chain.

The mill wright checks the sparkling stream
To turn his busy wheel,
While, through the giant pines, the saw
Urges its glittering steel.

And thus, for every daily need,
The settlers' hands supply
The skill of homely handicraft,
Wherein their comforts lie.

While cultured minds are haply found
 Wisely to teach and guide,
 Till, in the forest, church and school
 Shall rise their homes beside.

And for their safety and defence,
 'Gainst those of evil fame,
 Are men who fought with courage true
 At Stony Point with Wayne.

THE FOUNDING OF THE TOWN.

From the summit of Hill Morrison when a score of years have gone,
 Though the lakes and the winding streams remain, the landscape is transformed;
 The forests have bowed to the woodman's axe, wide gaps in their shadows made
 Mark where the farms of the settlers lie amid their pleasant shade.
 From every lofty hillside round, from every nestling vale,
 The curling smoke from household hearths floats on the morning gale.
 The lonely trail through the forest dark has lengthened in its bound,
 Till roads, like silver ribbons, bind the homes of the settlers round.
 In place of lowly huts of logs, the well built houses rise,
 And to this end and for daily food, Nature the means supplies;
 For the streams that all the ages long loitered childlike at play,
 Harnessed with bands to busy mills, toil on their destined way.
 Health dwells on these breezy billtops and hides in the pines' sweet breath,
 Yet when sickness overtakes them or its pale kinsman, Death,
 One among their number, well-skilled in the healing art,
 On horse back, with his saddle bags, brings cheer to the fainting heart.
 Mindful are they of deeper need and welcome to their homes
 The traveling saint, whate'er his creed, who on God's errand comes.
 Within their homes a place is found wherein to hold the school,
 And thus the youth are taught with care and trained by rigid rule.
 Prospered in each succeeding year, their numbers grow apace,
 Till, with their sister towns around, they seek to hold their place.
 And for their civic needs, the men in joint petition pray
 The General Court of the mother state to grant without delay
 The rights and powers of citizens, that in their hands may rest
 The future weal of this new town, according to its behest.
 And in memory fond of their olden home, New Sandwich wish the name,
 But "Mad Anthony" casts a magic spell and thus our town is Wayne.

WAYNE'S HUNDRED YEARS.

The century's first decade of years
Flowed on their quiet way,
The echoes of Colonial strife
Had almost died away.
The Red men's haunt by the great lake side
Had long deserted been
And on the isle where slept their dead,
No more their watch fires gleam.

When, suddenly, athwart the sky
Dark war-clouds rise again.
The new-made town must send her sons
To fight on land and main.
England once more with hostile front
The flag of war unfurls,
With fierce Tecumseh's force allied
Haughty defiance hurls.

Sad hearts are found in every home—
The young men march away,
The fathers live past dangers o'er,
The mothers work and pray.
But soon glad news from o'er the sea
Comes like a blessing sent,
The mother land and daughter young
Clasp friendly hands at Ghent.

And now the century's dawning
Brings to the infant town
Promise of Peace and plenty,
Hardship and toil to crown.
The soil yields goodly harvest,
A bountiful reward
For the labor of the sower
From the generous upturned sword.

Mechanics ply their busy trades,
By need or profit stirred,
And the hum and whir of busy wheels
Along the streams are heard.
The ring of axe and hammer
Resounds on every hand
And homes and schools and churches rise,
As touched by magic wand.

Rightly to guide the public weal
Experienced men are found
Whose careful records, scanned to-day,
Give proof of wisdom sound.
They laid foundations sure and strong

Where future years might build
A structure fair of righteous deeds,
With truth and honor filled.

Between the lakes Pocasset
And Androscoggin grand,
Where the narrow stream unites them,
The fair South village stands—
A gem in Nature's setting
Of lake and hill and stream—
They who have wandered from her
Oft of her beauty dream.

And here the townsfolk gather,
As need or pleasure calls.
For here are stores and shops and mills
Post-office and town hall;
Two churches guard the village
Like watchful sentinels
And from their altars, faithful men
God's truth and mercy tell.

There are homesteads on the ridge of land
That the settlers called Beach Hill
And the legend of its name comes back
And claims remembrance still—
How a mother gazed at the yellow sand
Like that by the ocean's foam
And smiled through tears, as she softly said,
"Beach Hill" is the name of our home.

At the foot of the pleasant hillsides
In the north part of the town,
The stream called Thirty Mile River
Escapes Lake Lovejoy's bound
To rush with rapid torrent
Through the cleft the valley makes
And lose its fretted waters
In Pocasset and Rounding lakes.

Within the rim of these circling hills
The village of North Wayne lies;
Embowered in maple, elm and oak,
Its homes and church arise,
The shining lakes on either side
A landscape fair are seen,
Haunts of the heron, duck and loon,
And bright with lilies' sheen.

The low roofed shops that cluster
Close on the banks of the stream
Are hives of busy workers,

Through the open doorways seen.
From early dawn till nightfall,
The forges glow and shine
And the clang and clatter of hammers
To the ring of the steel keep time.

The echo of their music
Resounds across the lakes
And mingles with the hum and stir
The sister village makes.
The bells of each call sweetly
Over the blue waves foam
And link with common interests
Their people and their homes.

So past her fiftieth milestone
Prospered in generous store,
Wayne, counting blessings over
Dares hardly ask for more,
But even now the shadow
Of a mighty woe seems near,
Over the land from North to South,
Trembling it brings, and fear.

For the voice of the Lord hath spoken
As He spake beyond the sea,
"Break the fetters from off their feet
Let my oppressed go free."
O, woeful was the answer
The South defiant gave,
It crashed from Sumter's falling fort
O'er the Atlantic waves.

It thundered to the startled North,
"We will not let them go,
Follow your flag with the stars and stripes,
Ours the stars with the bars below."
O land beloved, was ever doom
So sad, so sore as thine,
To see thy sons in deadly strife
In battle's awful line!

The spirit of their valiant sires
Lived in the sons of Wayne.
It sent them forth in youth and strength,
Some came not back again.
Yet loyally, on sea and land,
The flag their fathers gave
Stout hearts and willing hands upbore
And shed their blood to save.

The story of those years of pain
Heroic deeds rehearse,
A stainless shield the nation bears,
Redeemed from slavery's curse.
The flag of old, the stars and stripes,
Baptized in blood, now waves
O'er South and North, alike beloved,
O'er loyal homes and graves.

Thus through these years of mingled pain and pleasure,
Of good and ill,
The steps of Wayne have kept their even measure
And hold it still.
Not hers to gain the crown of great achievement
And win men's praise;
Content she serves Humanity and Duty
In lowlier ways.
Nor can she claim among earth's worshipped great ones
Many illustrious names
But all who owe their birth and nurture to her
Bring honour and not shame.
Some have won name and fame in distant places,
Yet love to come
And breathe the fragrance of the air of summer
In the old home.
And one, whose voice of melody out-rivals
The hermit-thrush that sings
In forest shadows when the twilight deepens,
Has charmed the ear of kings.
Responsive to the calls of truth and mercy,
To every thought
That seeks to bless and help an erring brother
Wayne's energies are brought.
So in her midst are cherished and defended
By steadfast minds
The sacred ties that link the earthly workers
With the Divine.
Wholesome and pure as her own hillside breezes
Her civic life,
Though differing in honest thought and purpose,
No malice holds or strife;
For the strong bond, the hearts of all uniting,
Love of her name.
Impels her sons to act in mutual concord,
Worthy her fame.
Thus, of her past, a record true and noble,
This simple lay is sung;
But forward, of her future, who shall tell it
With prophet's tongue?

Will there come changes in the old-time beauty
Of lakes and hills and streams,
When the wild rose will no more haunt the waters
Where snowy lilies gleam?
When o'er the fern-sweet hills in early Autumn
Once bright with golden rod,
Through Spring time meadows sweet with violets
And daisy starred the sod,
The ruthless wheels of modern art and progress,
Of growth and enterprise
Shall onward roll, till the familiar landscape
Is changed to loving eyes?
And the twin villages, enlarging borders,
Shall meet and clasp their hands,
Bound not alone by cordial ties fraternal
But steel and iron bands?
Yet, from the future, mortal hand may never
Withdraw the veil;
Wisely content are they who leave its issues
With Him Who cannot fail.
His guiding Hand that led our fathers hither
We trust it still;
A century of blessings rich has proved Him,
He cannot work us ill.
To those who follow in our fleeting footsteps
In years to come,
We leave in solemn faith and sacred keeping
Our heritage and home.
Let no rude touch of evil or dishonor
Tarnish her fame
But each succeeding year bring grace and honor
To our loved Town of Wayne.

Hiram S. Maxim, the famous inventor, was called upon for a few remarks before closing. He spoke briefly of his immense gun works and ship yards in Europe and made another argument for an alliance between England and the United States. He explained that he was advertised upon the bills to give an exhibition of his rapid fire gun but owing to the Queen's declaration that all guns should be contraband of war, it was impossible to get a gun over here. He said he had something better than the gun in the form of about 300 lantern slides which he should exhibit in the town hall, three nights, free of expense.

The audience then sang Auld Lang Syne, the rich melody of the

voice of Annie Louise Cary Raymond, who was born in Wayne, mingling with the Band Accompaniment.

The dinner came next. It was served on the grounds. Tables were erected and settees placed around them. For two hours the multitudes were fed. Before the settees and people could be got back into the tent, the rain began to fall in torrents and there was a general scampering for shelter. For more than an hour all exercises were kept at a stand still by the shower. A long list of speakers had been arranged for the banquet at which Rev. Erwin Dennett was to preside but the rain spoiled this programme which was not attempted only so far as the speeches of Captain H. N. Fairbanks and Hon. Sewall Pettingill.

Toast responded to by H. N. Fairbanks, Bangor, Me.

OUR TOWN AND OUR ANCESTORS.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended ;
But the glory of it belongs to our ancestors.—*Plutarch*.

When I came into town this morning, and the old familiar landscapes came to view, my heart seemed as light and my spirit as buoyant as of forty years ago, when I used to walk to and from the old farm after the day's work was done to attend a meeting or social gathering ; and while I cannot truthfully say that I am as sound of wind and limb as then, I wish for this day at least to be considered one of the *boys* of Wayne.

The sentiment of this toast brings to our attention something of the lives of our ancestors,—the character of their employment and their achievements. Nearly all of the first settlers of Wayne came from Massachusetts by water up the Kennebec River to Hallowell, and then penetrated by a spotted line into this land, then a wilderness. Their food was carried upon their backs, salt, flour, meal and pork, and they depended wholly upon wild game, fish and berries for the balance. A log house was built. Then began the work of felling the forest. If the pioneers could sustain life long enough a burn was effected in the autumn, and they then returned to their homes in the west for the winter ; the following spring coming back to sow wheat and plant corn. Thus they would continue their work of clearing the forest ; and this labor would go on year by year, until sufficient land had been cleared to sustain life (whither they were followed by

their families in the spring to the new land.) This, in general, was about the course pursued by all of the pioneers of every New England town, and the hardships were many and arduous; but there was great recompense in this hard work, for good health and happiness came along with this manly and courageous toil. Stories are still told of the ravages of wolves and bears upon the sheep, swine and cattle of the settlers. One story is now in my mind, a courageous widow, who, when she heard the distressed lowing of her cow, and sure that some wild animal was after the calf, sprang from her bed, armed herself with a firebrand and went to the hovel, drove the wolf out and stood guard for the rest of the night over her precious property.

Fifty years ago in this community very little care or thought was given to the history of ancestry, but it is changed now, for as John Fiske in his new book "Old Virginia and Her Neighbours" says:

"After the fashion that prevailed a hundred years ago, the most illustrious of Americans felt little interest in his ancestry; but with the keener historic sense and broader scientific outlook of the present day, the importance of such matters is better appreciated. The pedigrees of horses, dogs, and fancy pigeons have a value that is quotable in hard cash. Far more important, for the student of human affairs, are the pedigrees of men. By no possible ingenuity of constitution-making or of legislation can a society made up of ruffians and boors be raised to the intellectual level of a society made up of well bred merchants and yeomen, parsons and lawyers. One might as well expect to see a dray horse win the Derby. It is, moreover, only when we habitually bear in mind the threads of individual relationship that connect one country with another, that we get a really firm and concrete grasp of history. Without genealogy, the study of history is comparatively lifeless."

This town is a true type of all New England in every respect. Settled chiefly by the descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, those sturdy people hewed out their homes from the forests, and wrought early and late to wake the virgin soil from its long rest to activity and support of the white men. A community is what its people make it, and in all the relations of life the inhabitants of Wayne have answered nobly for upright manhood. The town of Wayne has always been strong in its religious and moral teaching, and noted for its temperance and sobriety. It always has had good schools and its people have always been industrious, happy and law abiding.

This town was patriotic during our civil war and sent many brave men to the front—men whom I know well. Their names are written upon the war rolls and are in the archives at our capitol. Yes, our town history contains a long list of names, many of whom gave the full measure of life for their country, and their deeds are a part of a mighty work for freedom and equal rights, which could never have been achieved, save by the united effort of all the free states of the nation. I well remember that in the dark days of 1863, this town declined a proposition in town meeting to accept recruits from neighboring towns, but filled its quota from among its own valiant men.

It is well for the young and old of our land to know of the hardships and sacrifices that have been endured by the generations that have preceded us, that we might enjoy the blessings that now surround us—prosperity and happiness. Not so very many years have elapsed since the war whoop of the Red men disturbed the pioneer's wife and children, after the husband and father had been shot down in the clearing near the log cabin. They were then besieged by this ferocious enemy with firebrands, driven out of their cabin to be tomahawked, or even worse, left to Indian torture, the details of which sicken the heart.

The history of the Colonial wars have been carefully collated and written by Francis Parkman, and to his books we go for an honest and truthful account of those terrible years of pioneer life. The history of the Revolutionary war, however trying, bears no comparison with the Colonial wars when savages were enemies, allied and aided by an unscrupulous French government. Study the history of all our wars, the valor of our people for the past 275 years, and from whom you are descended, and you will all agree that this celebration and the written history of this town are but a just and graceful recognition of the noble deeds of our ancestors,—for as Lord Macaulay has said "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

To me this town is a charming spot, with its beautiful scenery, its lakes and hills, broad meadows, green fields in summer, its rich fields of corn, grain, and fruits in Autumn. I have not forgotten the sound of the busy trio hammer from the North Village, the joyous winter months of coasting and skating, the district singing and spelling schools, social parties, lectures and the lyceum. Nor the early spring when the bluebird, robin and thrush came to us with their soft notes

announcing assurances of warmth and sunshine, soon to be followed by the shrill piping of the frog, and heralded by the deep honk of the wild goose as she sped straight over land and water to find her home in the ice bound shores of the north land. These are some of the memories that cluster about me when turning back in memory to my youth.

It is because we love this place, its people and its history that we are assembled here the hundredth anniversary, thus proving that the living are worthy descendants of their sires. To us who are of this people, whether now of this town, or elsewhere, let it be the purpose of our lives to uphold and honor the good name of this community by always performing the right in all of the avocations of life, that it may be said of us who had our beginning of life in this town, that we have been true to its best teaching, that of honesty and fidelity.

In your cemeteries my ancestors are buried; to them my mind reverts always with thankfulness for their example of pure and patriotic lives, my greatest heritage.

Thankful for this rich inheritance and the many blessings which have been vouchsafed to us, let me add that I have never forgotten my old friends, the good old town of Wayne, my State and my Country.

For you, and all, my manhood yearns with best of good there is in me.

Mr. Pettingill spoke interestingly upon "Our Old Flag," after which the exercises were closed for afternoon.

A Colonial salute of 13 guns was fired at 12 o'clock and another salute of 11 guns at 6 P. M.

A grand concert was held at the tent at 7.30 in the evening at which music was furnished by the Second Regiment Band, Æolian Quartette and Payne's Orchestra. The festivities of the day closed with a grand ball.

Mention should be made of the exhibit in Wayne Hall of the curios that were loaned by the people of the town. It was a good exhibit and was much enjoyed by visitors and local people. There was everything from the little red handkerchief made in Revolutionary time up to the great exhibit of the North Wayne Tool Co.

Old pictures of the early settlers were looked upon with interest

while all the old-fashioned household furniture, old books, warming pans, foot stoves, old style farming tools and old everything attracted the attention. J. M. Moulton had a large case of old coins which many a collector longed for, and all viewed with interest and pleasure.

An illustrated History of Wayne, from its settlement to 1898, was compiled by the Centennial Committee, assisted by others. It met with a ready sale on the day of the Celebration, and the entire edition was exhausted in about six months.

The Centennial Celebration was an enjoyable event, which will ever be cherished in the memory of the sons and daughters of Wayne for the opportunity it afforded of renewing the dear associations of long ago.

The compiler of this account extends thanks to those who kindly furnished copies of their parts, and he wishes also to acknowledge that valuable material was gleaned from the excellent report of the proceedings of the day made by the enterprising publishers of the *Kennebec Journal*.

CENTENNIAL SUB-COMMITTEES.

The following were the sub-committees appointed by the general committee :

- On Orator and Poet*—J. C. Stinchfield, C. E. Wing and C. W. Crosby.
- On Address of Welcome*—G. W. Walton.
- On Vocal Music*—Dr. F. L. Chenery.
- On Instrumental Music*—J. C. Stinchfield.
- On Band Concert*—Sewall Pettingill.
- On Banquet*—B. F. Bradford, J. M. Moulton and C. M. Stevens.
- On Invitations and Printing*—C. W. Crosby and G. W. Walton.
- On Salute*—C. E. Wing.
- On Parade*—Williston Jennings.
- On Programme*—J. C. Stinchfield, C. W. Crosby and S. Pettingill.
- On Tent*—C. E. Wing and B. F. Bradford.
- On Antiquities*—T. G. Jennings, J. M. Moulton, L. S. Maxim and G. L. Wing.
- On Decorations*—A. B. Allen and C. E. Wing.
- On Floral Decorations*—Mrs. Fronia M. Small and Miss Alice Chandler.
- On Honored Guests*—G. W. Walton, W. Jennings and S. Pettingill.
- On Location of Tent*—J. C. Stinchfield, W. Jennings and C. E. Wing.
- On Lumber and Labor for Floor and Tables*—C. E. Wing, Dr. Chenery and B. F. Bradford.
- Reception Committee*—J. M. Moulton and wife, F. L. Chenery and wife, C. H. Barker and wife, A. F. Johnson and wife, Nahum Huff and wife, M. G. Besse and wife, L. M. Norris and wife, W. W. Walton and wife.
- On Lighting Tent and Walks in the Evening*—A. W. Riggs, A. S. George, H. N. Walton, George Riggs and Scott Ridley.
- On the Sale of Refreshments on the Grounds*—Herbert Norris.
- On Historic Parade*—Albert Pike, Harry Riggs, John Moulton, Herbert Norris, Irving D. Lincoln, E. L. Crosby, W. Clark, W. W. Walton, Sumner Erskine, Olin Pettingill, Irving Norris, A. T. Morse, J. W. Taylor, Lotou D. Jennings, H. N. Walton, Ray Norris, L. M. Norris, F. H. Roberts, A. N. Manter, E. Emmons and Elmer Verrill.
- On Providing Ice Water on the Grounds*—A. S. George.
- On Toastmaster*—Sewall Pettingill, J. C. Stinchfield and C. W. Crosby.
- On Toasts*—C. F. Leadbetter, J. W. Taylor and W. W. Walton.
- On Procuring Carriages for Aged Citizens to Ride in, in Parade*—W. Jennings, M. G. Besse, W. B. Frost, W. E. True and Osgood Graves.
- On Sale of Town History*—G. W. Walton.
- On Auditing Bills*—B. F. Bradford, Sewall Pettingill, J. C. Stinchfield.
- Treasurer of Centennial Committee*.—G. W. Walton.

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